

## A TESTAMENT AND TESTIMONY.

Such is the perverseness of human nature that it is customary for men to admire and desire just those gifts which are not their own. It is only the exceptionally broad-minded few who realize that the possibilities of human relationships are so manifold as to be almost boundless, and that the perfect man will harmonize in one personality totally distinct and even opposite gifts. A Cæsar can be both military and literary; a Seneca both a teacher, a philosopher, and a statesman.

Nations, whose individuals have had the best training, have ever led the van. The internal peace of England which permitted her old foundations, her grammar schools, and her universities, to train her youth without intermission produced a veritable ruling race, even if now we seem about to lose our supremacy before the products of the German Gymnasium and Kindergarten, and the American "School Marm."

We have grown so used to the triumphs of English character that we have come to think of it as a natural heritage and an inborn disposition, which will develop spontaneously into "The true Briton." Moreover, our ideas of education have been narrowed down by a prolonged course of specializing, till the very word has become almost a synonym for instruction, and the competitive examination (that terrible fungoid growth on the life of any country) has obtained as complete a hold upon us as upon the Chinese.

That great Englishman, Mr. Rhodes, has now greatly reminded us that to obtain and maintain a "ruling race" of Britons these must have the advantages of training.

If, as we believe, "Education is at once an atmosphere, a discipline, and a life," it is a means, not an end in itself, the product and result being the man who lives.

The man, who has died, was a man of actions.

"Nations, not words, he linked to prove . . .

His faith before the crowd."

Yet because Education is an atmosphere and a discipline, he held it best that the future Englishman of Greater

Britain should be trained amidst the associations of bygone centuries in the schools of the prophets, statesmen, and sages of the past as well as of the present. Rulers must first learn to obey. Perhaps it was the exceeding difficulty of this adage which made Mr. Rhodes elect to send his chosen scholars, who will mostly come from lives far more untrammelled and independent than the average home-bird, to the semi-conventual life of the Oxford Colleges. Moreover, it is said that as authority and docility must go hand in hand, the influx of new-comers from the larger world will, of necessity, sweep away some of the remaining petty and pedagogic restrictions which are out of keeping with the spirit of the age. Medical science, we know, must, under the terms of the benefaction, be studied under the most modern conditions and the most encouraging auspices.

But the chief interest to educationalists must be those wonderful clauses which lay down the type of student whom Mr. Rhodes desired to benefit. The percentages of marks for the various requirements are instructive, but how much more so are these latter themselves.

The ideal "Rhodes' scholar" will be no "mugging" self-centred bookworm, nor the "flannelled fool" who represents the extreme in the other direction. True, he must qualify by average proficiency in both directions, but the latter half of the conditions are unique. Character has for the first time been recognized as a determinative factor in the selection of candidates. With such an ideal before them, we can imagine that the tone of the schools from which such scholars are to come must be, even unconsciously, raised.

Manhood, courage, devotion to duty, truth, protection of the weak, unselfishness and fellowship—a higher code, I take it, than the ordinary schoolboy's, whose idea of devotion to duty too often includes a crib, and whose ideas of fellowship are too often restricted to his own gang. The last qualification is the most striking—"moral force of character and the instinct to lead." Nowadays, when the cry in America is that no men of good associations and attributes can be found to take a part in political life, and when the same apathy is shown by the infinitesimal part which educated men and women of the better classes can be induced to take in municipal affairs here in England, we need the reminder that the educated man is he who can devote his life to the greatest



good of the greatest number, and who has used his years of tutelage so as to best fit himself for that great task. We speak of England as a "self-governing" nation; therefore, each Englishman must learn how to use "his moral force of character." First, to govern himself, and then to improve the conditions of the life of his fellow creatures. These sixty men, chosen to carry out this great scheme, might be the little leaven which would leaven the whole lump of Oxford, and raise up an ideal to many of their contemporaries. It is a great boon to the English-speaking race that a great man should so publicly insist upon character as of equal value with attainments and sportsmanship. It was by force of character that Mr. Rhodes led, whether we applaud the ultimate goal at which he aimed, or deplore the means. Let us hope and intend that force of character shall be the distinguishing feature, not only of those chosen to benefit by his great bequest, but of all who are being trained, that their education may be to them an atmosphere, a discipline, and an introduction to largeness of life.

R. A. P.

## A FEW HINTS ON MOTH REARING.

Entomology is one of the most fascinating and interesting pursuits I know, and if people only realised the fact that many spare moments might be occupied in watching the habits of insects to their ultimate intense delight and lasting interest, I believe many more would take up this most wonderful and marvellous study of insect life.

Of course you all know that butterflies and moths lay eggs, and it is quite within anyone's power to obtain some of these, which will hatch out into minute caterpillars, and ultimately, when full grown and full fed, will change into chrysalises, finally emerging after some months into the perfect insect.

Last summer, I was spending part of my holidays in the

New Forest, which district affords abundant scope for the pursuit of entomology.

There were a quantity of white poplars (*populus alba*) in my brother's garden, and knowing these trees to be the habitat of many larvæ, I proceeded to search for any likely specimens of interest. In a few minutes I came across a very smart fellow, with a green body and red head, which was reared up in an attitude of defiance, as much as to say, "Touch me if you dare." However, I dared, and promptly deposited him in my box, putting with him some tender leaves of the poplar which he loves so much.

This caterpillar, as I dare say some of you have already guessed, is the larva of the puss moth, of a very sombre grey when its perfect stage is reached.

Having discovered two of these caterpillars, I turned my attention to a different kind of tree, viz., the common willow. It was a roasting hot day, and only the keenest interest would have kept me searching for hours as I did that morning in the blazing sun, but my efforts were rewarded; after a little examination of the willows, I saw what was very like one of the leaves of the tree in colour, yet surely rather fatter and larger; "Yes, sure enough," here was a fine fellow indeed, about  $3\frac{1}{2}$  inches long with a horn on his tail, and several oblique, white stripes down his body, of a sea-green colour. He had eaten the branch whereon he was almost bare, and when you come across such a branch you may be fairly certain there is a caterpillar not far away.

Soon, I had found no less than four of these same larva, some small, and some larger, and consequently older than the others. All of them will become eyed-hawk moths, beautiful though not gaudy insects, with large eye-like spots on the hind wings.

While crossing a common a day or two after, in this same district, I saw a caterpillar hastening across my path; on picking it up, I found it to be of a beautiful green colour, covered with pink spots, round which were black velvety rings. This is the Emperor Moth, which when full-fed spins for itself a cocoon of silk, open at one end, then turns into a black chrysalis and goes to sleep for about eight or nine months, waking up as a lovely moth with brownish pink and orange colours, and an eye-like spot on each wing.

While staying in the New Forest I collected quite a family